QUEEN OF THE MAY.

8.

To which are add'ed,

The drunken wife of Galloway.

AND

Time has not thinn'd, &c.

Stirling, Printed by C. Randall.

QUEEN OF THE MAY.

STERN winter has left us,
The trees are in bloom,
And cowslips and vi'lets
the meadows perfume,
While kids are disporting,
and birds fill the spray,
I wait for my Jockey,
to hail the new May.

Among the young lillies,
my Jenny I've stray'd,
Pinks, daisies and woodbines,
I bring to my maid;
Here's thyme sweetly smelling,
and lavender gay,
A posy to form
the queen of the may.

Ah Jockey, I fear
you intend to beguile,
When ſeated with Molly,
laſt night on a ſtile,
You ſwore that you'd love her,
for ever and ay,
Forgetting your Jenny,
the queen of the May.

Young Willy is handſome
in ſhepherd's green dreſs,
He gave you theſe ribbons,
that hing at your breaſt,
Beſides three kiſſes
upon the new hay,
Was that done like Jenny,
the queen of the May.

This garland of roſes
no longer I prize,
Since Jockey, falſe-hearted,
his paſſion denies,
Ye flowers ſo blooming,
this inſtant decay,
For Jenny's no longer
the queen of the may,

Believe me, dear maiden,
your lover you wrong,
Your name is for ever
the theme of my ſong,
From the dews of pale eve,
to the dawning of day,
I ſing but of Jenny,
my Queen of the May!

Again, balmy comfort,
with tranſport I view,
My fears are all vaniſh'd,
ſince Jockey is true,
Then to our blyth ſhepherds
the news I'll convey,
That Jenny alone
you've crown'd Queen of the May.

Come all you young lovers,
I pray you draw near,
Avoid all ſuſpicion,
whate'er may appear,
Believe not your eyes,
leſt you they betray,
Then come, my dear Jenny,
and hail the new may.

THE

DRUNKEN WIFE OF GALLOWAY.

DOWN in yon meadow
a couple did tarry,
The wife she drank naething
but sack and canary,
To her friends he complain'd
of her right early,
Oh! gin my wife
wad drink hooly and fairly.

She's drunken her stockings,
sae has she her shoon,
And she has drunken
her bonny new gown;
She's drunken her sark
that cover'd her early,
Oh! gin my wife
wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank erummie,
and then she drank garie,

Syne ſhe has drunken
my bonny grey marie,
That carried me thro'
the dub and the larlie,
Oh gin my wife
wad drink hooly and fairly,

Wad ſhe drink but her ain things,
I wadna much care,
But ſhe drinks my claithe
that I canna well ſpare,
When I'm wi' my goſips,
it angers me ſairly,
Oh gin my wife
wad drink hooly and fairly.

My Sunday's coat
ſhe has laid a wad,
The beſt blue bonnet
e'er was on my head;
At kirk or at market,
I'm cover'd but barely,
Oh gin my wife
wad drink hooly and fairly.

When there's ony ſiller,
ſhe mann keep the purſe,

Gif I ſeek but ae bawbee,
ſhe'll ſcald and ſhe'll curſe,
She lives like a Queen,
I ſcrimpet and barely,
Oh gin my wife
wad drink hooly and fairly.

A pint with her kimmers
I wad her allow
But when ſhe ſits down
ſhe drink's till ſhe's fou,
And when ſhe is fou
ſhe's unco canſtarie,
Oh gin my wife
wad drink hooly and fairly.

When ſhe gaes to the cauſey.
ſhe roars and ſhe rants,
Has no dread of her neighbours,
nor minds the houſe wants;
Roar up ſome fooliſh ſilt,
like up thy heart charlie,
Oh gin my wife
wad drink hooly and fairly.

And when ſhe comes hame,
ſhe lays on the lads,

And ca's the lasses
baith limmers and jades;
And myself nought
but an auld cuckold carlie;
Oh gin my wife
wad drink hooly and fairly.

TIME HAS NOT THINN'D, &c.

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
nor bent me with his iron hand:
Ah! why so soon the blossom tear,
Ere autumn yet the fruit demand.

Let me enjoy the cheering day,
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd, let me trifle life away,
And sing of love e'er I grow old.

FINIS.